

No.  
201

# Commando

1

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



## RING OF STEEL

At all costs they had to break through

# ★ STARS of SPORT ★



## ALAN PEACOCK

WHEN centre-forward **Alan Peacock** made his international debut for England in the 1962 World Cup, team manager Walter Winterbottom reckoned that he was the finest header of a ball in Europe.

But long before then, Alan had been billed as a bustling danger man since he first turned out for his home-town team, Middlesbrough, in 1955.

In their attempt to ensure promotion, Leeds paid £53,000 for Alan's transfer in 1964. This was indeed money well spent as the 6 ft, 11 in 4 lb forward set about proving to the Leeds supporters in no uncertain manner.

Unfortunately rather injury prone, goal-getter Alan has never let this hold him back in his full-blooded, enthusiastic attempts to rattle up his goal tally.



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**Another Star Of Sport—GILBERT REECE—Commando No. 202, on sale now!**

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# RING OF STEEL

**T**HE LAST DESPERATE BID BY HITLER TO STAVE OFF DEFEAT WAS THE ARDENNES OFFENSIVE. ALLIED SPEARHEADS HAD ALREADY THRUST DEEP INTO NAZI OCCUPIED TERRITORY BUT THE FIERCE COLD, SNOW, MUD AND MIST MADE THEIR TASK DOUBLY DIFFICULT. THE GERMANS, HOWEVER, KNEW THE COUNTRY AND PRESSED HOME THE ADVANTAGE WITH DEADLY AND FANATICAL DETERMINATION.





BUT DESPITE THE FEROCITY AND SURPRISE OF SUCH ATTACKS, THE NAZIS WERE NOT TO HAVE IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY. ONE SECTION OF BRITISH TROOPS DECIDED TO LEAVE THE GERMANS SHOOTING AT NOTHING.



THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE DIED AWAY AS MAJOR JACK RITCHIE AND HIS MEN PLUNGED ONWARDS THROUGH THE COLD, SWIRLING MISTS.

YOU RECKON  
WE'VE SHAKEN THOSE  
JERRIES OFF, SIR?

YOUR GUESS IS AS  
GOOD AS MINE, SERGEANT  
KINCAID. THIS IS GOING TO BE  
A DEADLY GAME OF BLIND MAN'S  
BUFF AND I RECKON WE'D  
BETTER DIG IN.

MAJOR JACK RITCHIE, A HARDENED BATTLE VETERAN, HAD EVERY FAITH IN HIS EXPERIENCED, TOUGH SERGEANT TOM KINCAID. THEY HAD BEEN TOGETHER SINCE THE NORMANDY LANDINGS.

QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY, THE LOST REMNANTS OF THE 8th ASSAULT BRIGADE DUG FOX-HOLES IN THE HARD GROUND AND WAITED IN VAIN FOR THE MISTS TO LIFT.

NOTHING, KINCAID.  
YET WE KNOW THOSE JERRIES  
ARE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE CUT-  
TING OFF OUR PATROLS AND...

AND THIS PERISHIN'  
FOG'S HELPIN' THE JERRIES.  
THEY KNOW THE COUNTRY,  
MAJOR RITCHIE, AND  
WE DON'T.

SOMEHOW WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE  
WE ARE, SERGEANT, AND  
SOUND OUT THE ENEMY  
STRENGTH AS WELL.

THE REMAINING THREE MOVED FORWARD AGAIN, KEEPING THEIR CHILL, NARROWED EYES ALERT, THEIR EARS STRAINING TO PICK UP THE SMALLEST SOUND.

LOOK, CORPORAL WILSON, THERE'S THE TWO SHERMANS THAT THE JERRIES SMASHED FOR US.

THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE. AT LEAST WE KNOW WHERE WE ARE NOW.



BUT AGAIN THE NAZIS STRUCK, EMERGING FROM THE MISTS LIKE ELUSIVE DEATH-DEALING GHOSTS.

JERRIES — SARGE!

AAAARRGH!



BUT TOM'S FURY WAS AS WASTED AS THE SLUGS FROM HIS TOMMY-GUN.



I MUST'VE HIT THEM. I'M GOING AFTER THEM.

HOLD IT, SARGE, THEY'VE GONE, I TELL YOU. SO WILL WE BE IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE PRETTY SHARPISH.

LEAVING THE THIRD MEMBER OF THEIR PARTY FOR DEAD, TOM AND CORPORAL WILSON PRESSED ON.

SO THE DREADFUL CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME CONTINUED ALL THAT DAY AND FAR INTO THE NEXT. THEN...



TO PROVE THE ACCURACY OF TOM'S INSTINCTS THE MISTS SUDDENLY THINNED. A SPANDAU CREW WAS REVEALED NOT TOO FAR AWAY.

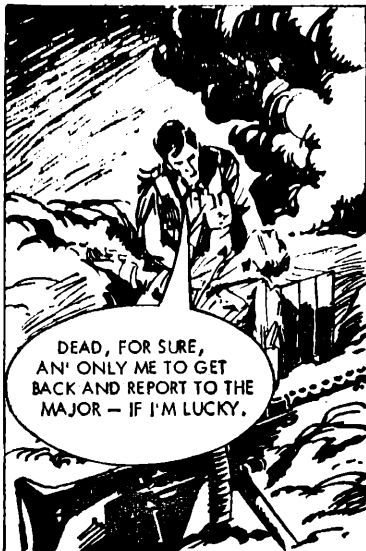




BUT BEFORE THE OUTCOME OF THIS SMALL BUT VICIOUS SKIRMISH COULD BE DECIDED, A SHELL SCREAMED FROM NOWHERE AND EXPLODED WITH DEVASTATING VIOLENCE.



SLOWLY THE CURTAIN OF SMOKE LIFTED TO REVEAL THE TERRIBLE EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION.

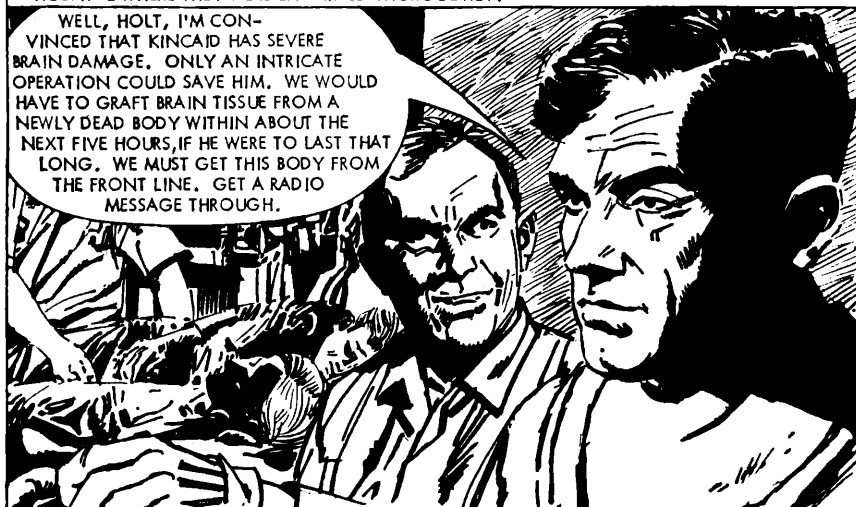


WITH A BITTER DETERMINATION, CORPORAL WILSON QUIT THE SCENE OF DEATH, UNAWARE THAT HELP WAS ON ITS WAY IN THE SHAPE OF A RED CROSS JEEP.






THE TWO SURVIVORS WERE LIFTED ABOARD THE JEEP AND TAKEN BACK TO THE ADVANCE FIELD HOSPITAL WHERE THEY WERE EXAMINED THOROUGHLY.

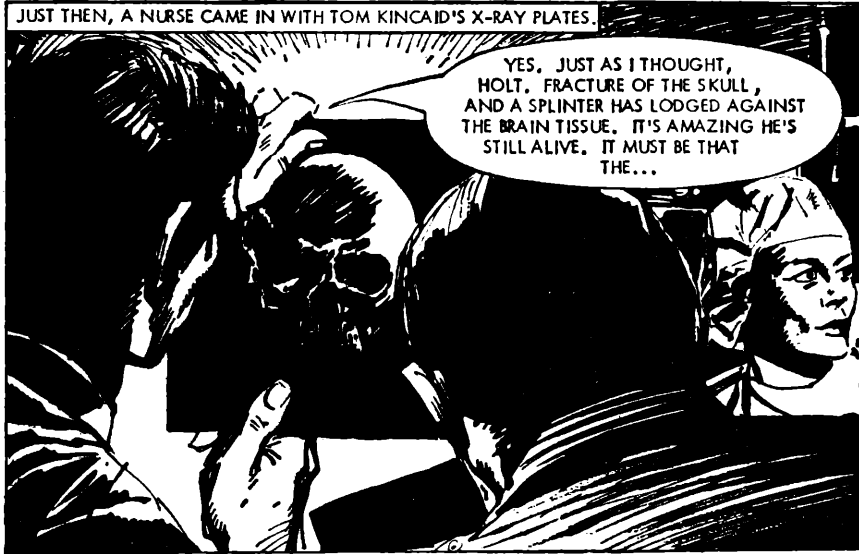


SUDDENLY, AT THAT POINT, THE NAZI STIRRED.



I THINK THE  
GERMAN IS COMING  
ROUND. BETTER GIVE HIM  
A SHOT OF MORPHINE.

JUST THEN, A NURSE CAME IN WITH TOM KINCAID'S X-RAY PLATES.



YES, JUST AS I THOUGHT,  
HOLT. FRACTURE OF THE SKULL,  
AND A SPLINTER HAS LODGED AGAINST  
THE BRAIN TISSUE. IT'S AMAZING HE'S  
STILL ALIVE. IT MUST BE THAT  
THE...

A DEEP SIGH FROM THE GERMAN OFFICER CAUSED THE TWO SURGEONS TO SWING ROUND. IT WAS THE NAZI'S LAST BREATH.



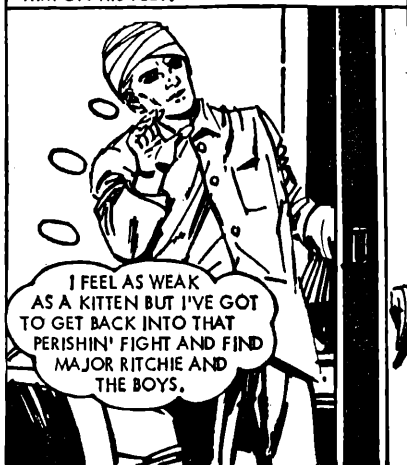
LATER, ON THAT DAY, ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC OPERATIONS OF WORLD WAR II TOOK PLACE. TO SAVE THE LIFE OF TOM KINCAID, "LIVING" BRAIN TISSUE WAS TAKEN FROM A DEAD SOLDIER AND GRAFTED ON TO THE BRAIN OF THE DYING SERGEANT.



TOM'S EYES SLOWLY OPENED. HE FINGERED THE BANDAGES ON HIS HEAD AND GAZED VAGUELY AROUND THE SMALL HOSPITAL ROOM.



THE ROOM SEEMED TO TURN UPSIDE DOWN AS TOM LURCHED FROM THE BED TOWARDS HIS CABINET. SHEER DETERMINATION KEPT HIM ON HIS FEET.



BUT HE COULDN'T STAY ON HIS FEET MUCH LONGER AND COLLAPSED BACK INTO BED. THE NEXT DAY, HOWEVER, WITH SOME OF HIS OLD STRENGTH SEEPING BACK INTO HIS MUSCLES, TOM STRUGGLED INTO HIS UNIFORM AND CREPT INTO THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE.



TOM FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO THINK AND HIS REFLEXES WERE PAINFULLY SLOW, BUT HE DID KNOW ONE THING — HE HAD TO GET BACK TO HIS MATES.



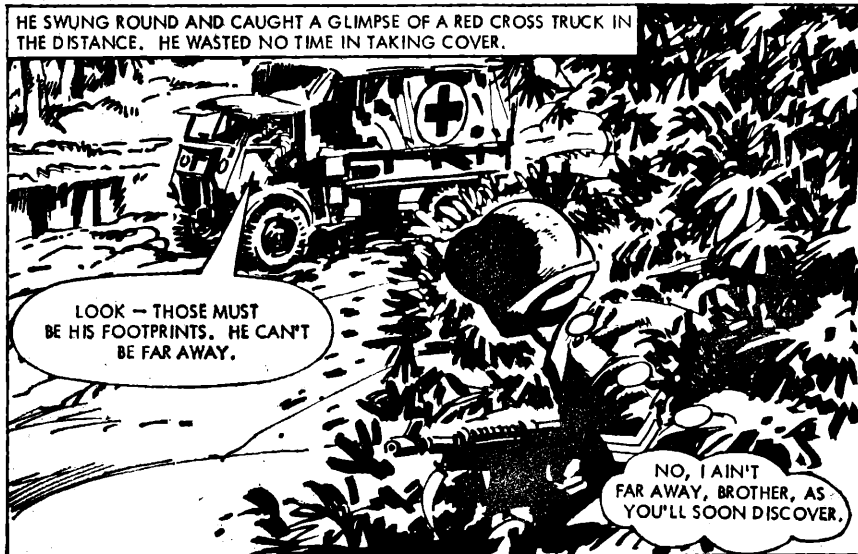
NOW ARMED TO THE TEETH, THE BIG SERGEANT STUMBLED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS.



DESPITE A THROBBING HEAD AND SWIMMING BRAIN, TOM FORCED HIMSELF TO A DOG-TROT ON SHAKING LEGS, AS A NEW DAY LIGHTENED THE EASTERN SKY.



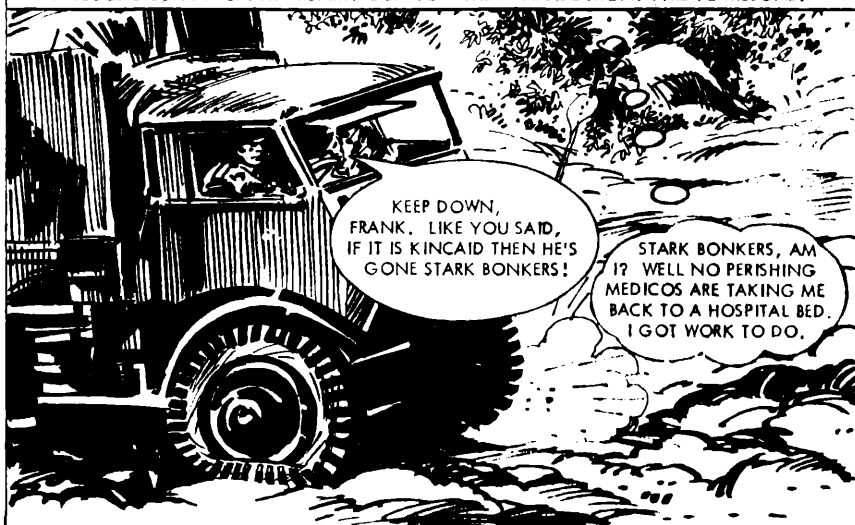
HE SWUNG ROUND AND CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A RED CROSS TRUCK IN THE DISTANCE. HE WASTED NO TIME IN TAKING COVER.



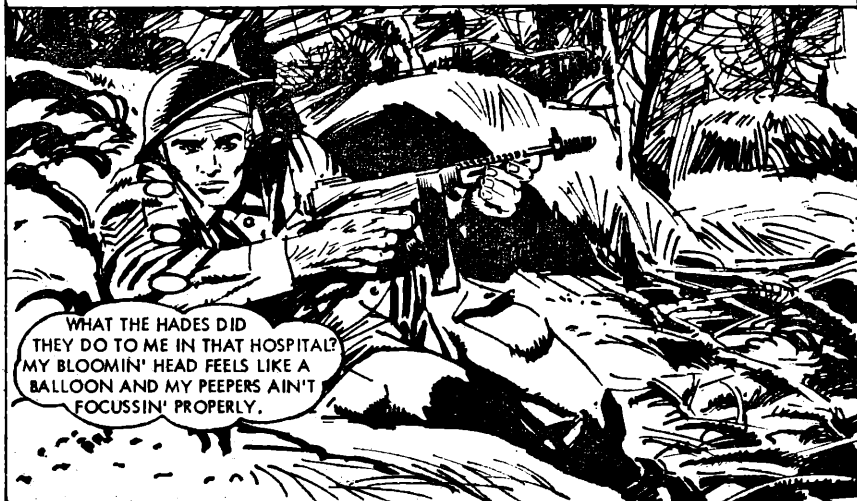
TOM DIDN'T WANT TO BE DRAGGED BACK TO HOSPITAL BUT THE WAY IN WHICH HE SHOWED HIS RELUCTANCE WAS A BIT OVER THE SCORE. HE AIMED HIS TOMMY GUN AT ONE OF THE TRUCK'S FRONT TYRES AND WITH A WICKED SMILE ON HIS FACE, PULLED THE TRIGGER.



A SECOND BURST FROM THE TOMMY GUN TORE THE NEARSIDE FRONT TYRE TO RIBBONS.



WITH THE R.A.M.C. TRUCK EFFECTIVELY IMMOBILISED, TOM HURRIED ON, PUSHING HIMSELF HARD TO THE POINT OF NEAR EXHAUSTION. THEN HE HAD TO REST.



THE SUN WAS PLEASANTLY WARM. TOM MANAGED TO STAGGER TOWARDS THE SHELTER OF SOME BUSHES WHERE HE SANK INTO A LONG, DEEP SLEEP.



SOME HOURS LATER, OR MAYBE DAYS, HE CAME TO. HE FELT REFRESHED. TO GET NEARER TO HIS MATES WAS THE FIRST THING THAT CAME TO HIS MIND. THE THOUGHT OF FOOD CAME AFTER SEVERAL MILES.



STRENGTH WAS POURING BACK INTO HIS WHOLE BODY NOW AS HE MOVED TOWARDS HIS GOAL.



WITH A HOWL OF TRIUMPH, TOM SPOTTED THE FOX-HOLES, ONLY TO PULL UP SHORT AS THOUGH JERKED BY AN INVISIBLE STRING.



SOMETHING STRANGE HAD HAPPENED TO THE BIG SERGEANT SINCE HIS OPERATION, FOR NOW THE SNARL OF RAGE TURNED TO AN EXPRESSION OF FOX-LIKE CUNNING.

OK. I'LL STICK AROUND HERE AND REST. THEN I'LL FIND RITCHIE AND HIS MOB IF IT TAKES A MONTH OF PERISHING SUNDAYS.



MAJOR RITCHIE HAD INDEED LED HIS MEN OUT AFTER CORPORAL WILSON HAD RETURNED WITH HIS REPORT THAT TOM AND THE REST HAD BOUGHT IT. NOW THE MAJOR AND HIS MEN WERE BOGGED DOWN GOOD AND PROPER, HEMMED IN ON ALL SIDES BY THE ENEMY.



TOM HAD RESTED AND THEN MOVED ON. AT LAST HE HAD TRACED HIS MATES, BUT HIS EXPRESSION WAS ONE OF DEEP HATRED. AND ONE WORD WAS UPPERMOST IN HIS MIND...



ONCE AGAIN TOM'S EXPRESSION QUICKLY CHANGED. HE GRINNED AS THE MEN SHOOK HANDS WITH HIM AND THEN LISTENED, SOBER-FACED, TO JACK.



THE SERGEANT EXPLAINED HIS AUDACIOUS PLAN TO THE REST.

LIKE I SAID, MAJOR. WE  
WAIT TILL DUSK BEFORE I SLIP  
DOWN AND GET ONE OF THEM  
STORMTROOPERS AT THE BRIDGE  
IN CONVERSATION.

BUT, GOOD  
GRIEF, MAN...

DON'T WORRY,  
I'LL BE TOGGED UP IN  
ONE OF THEIR UNIFORMS  
ALL RIGHT.

JACK GAZED LONG AND HARD AT TOM, FEELING  
AS WILSON DID, THAT THE SERGEANT WAS SOME-  
HOW DIFFERENT SINCE HE HAD BEEN WOUNDED.

IT'S SUICIDE,  
SARGE.

WHAT OTHER  
CHOICE HAVE WE GOT,  
UNLESS WE WITHDRAW?

I CAN'T WITHDRAW.  
I'VE GOT REASON TO BELIEVE  
THE REMNANTS OF MY COMPANY  
ARE BEYOND THAT BRIDGE.

THAT, WHEN DARKNESS FELL, THE BRITISH MOVED IN AND TOM STARTED TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO ACTION.



ONE GUARD ON HIS OWN. LOOKS LIKE I'M IN LUCK.

THIS IS A CRAZY PLAN. WHY DID I EVER AGREE? KINCAID'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED AND ALL OF US WITH HIM. AND THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE KNOWN OF HIM BEING ABLE TO SPEAK GERMAN.

TOM PITCHED A STONE TO THE SIDE OF THE GERMAN GUARD.



WAS IST DAS?

UNWISELY, THE STORMTROOPER MOVED AWAY FROM HIS POSITION TO INVESTIGATE. NOISELESSLY BIG TOM POUNCED.



AAARGH!

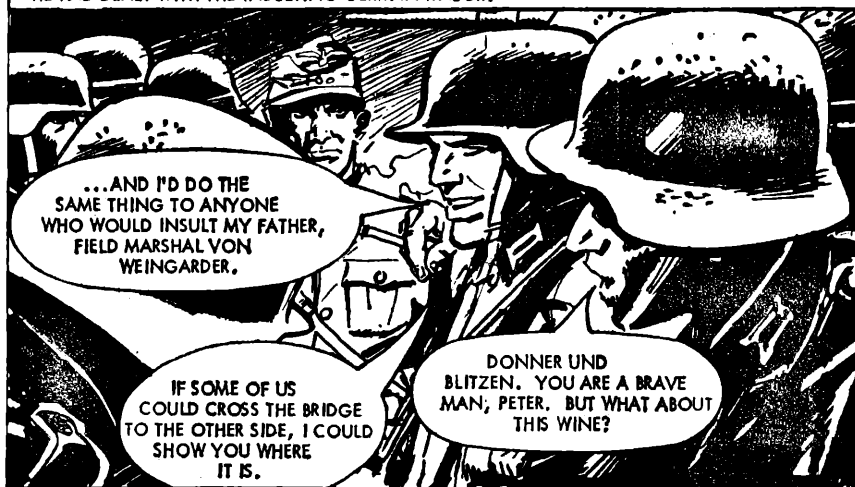
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES HE HAD DONNED THE DEAD GERMAN'S UNIFORM AND WAS ALREADY WALKING CALMLY TOWARDS THE ENEMY, AND SPEAKING IN PERFECT GERMAN.



SO TOUGH AND FIERCE DID TOM LOOK AND SO FLUENTLY DID HE SPEAK THE GERMAN TONGUE, THAT THE NAZIS MERELY GRINNED, DEMANDING TO KNOW MORE.



SERGEANT KINCAID, THE PERFECT TOUGH NAZI STORMTROOPER, NOW HAD HIS LISTENERS ENTHRALLED. OTHER MEN JOINED THE GROUP AS HE SPUN HIS ELABORATE STORY ON HOW HE HAD DEALT WITH THE INSULTING GERMAN MAJOR.



MEANWHILE, JACK AND THREE OF HIS SPECIALLY TRAINED EXPLOSIVES MEN WERE WAITING FOR THE MOMENT WHICH TIME HAD PROMISED THEM.



AND SO THE ALLEGED PETER WEINGARDER LED THE GERMANS OFF ON A WILD GOOSE-CHASE, OR WINE CHASE.



THE SOLITARY GUARD PRESENTED LITTLE DIFFICULTY TO JACK. THEN HIS PICKED MEN CREPT FORWARD, EACH TO HIS ALLOTTED TASK.





BUT HALF WAY ACROSS THE BRIDGE...



WITH A DEVILISH GRIN ON HIS FACE, THE DISGUISED SERGEANT WATCHED THE GERMANS RUN.





THE COMMOTION BROUGHT THE GERMANS FROM THEIR POSTS TO THE END OF THE BRIDGE. A FIGURE RACED TOWARDS THEM.



BIG TOM DECIDED THAT THERE WAS NO POINT IN CARRYING THE BLUFF ANY FURTHER. NOR WAS THERE ANY TIME.



FOR AN ANSWER, TOM SWUNG UP HIS BORROWED SCHMEISSER AND BLASTED HIS WAY THROUGH THE GROUP OF GERMANS.



BUT THE LEUTNANT WAS A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE.



WITH ONLY A SECOND TO SPARE, TOM DASHED TOWARDS JACK AND THE BOYS. ONE BY ONE, THE NAZI VEHICLES EXPLODED.



FOR THE NEXT FEW MINUTES THE SCENE WAS LIKE A FIREWORK DISPLAY — ONLY MORE SPECTACULAR.

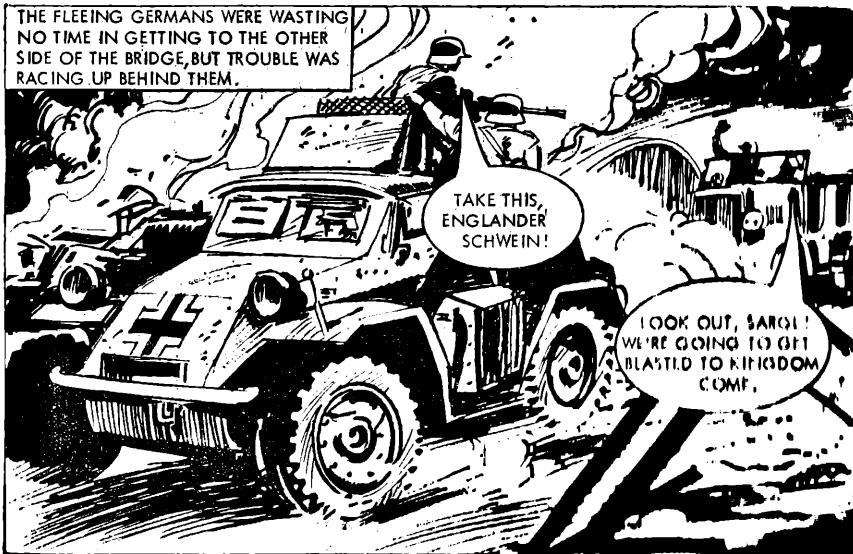




THE SAME THOUGHT HAD CROSSED TOM'S MIND, THAT THE FEW ESCAPING HUNS MIGHT WELL TRY TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE.



THE FLEEING GERMANS WERE WASTING NO TIME IN GETTING TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, BUT TROUBLE WAS RACING UP BEHIND THEM.



TOM HAD ALREADY SEEN THE DANGER, HOWEVER, AND DECIDED A GRENADE WOULD PUT A STOP TO IT, BUT AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, HE WAS STRICKEN BY ONE OF HIS SICK TURNS.



BATESON BRAKED QUICKLY, BUT TO HIS ASTONISHMENT THE GRENADE FELL SHORT. ALL THE MORE SURPRISING WHEN IT WAS THROWN BY SUCH AN EXPERT COMBAT SOLDIER AS HIS SERGEANT.

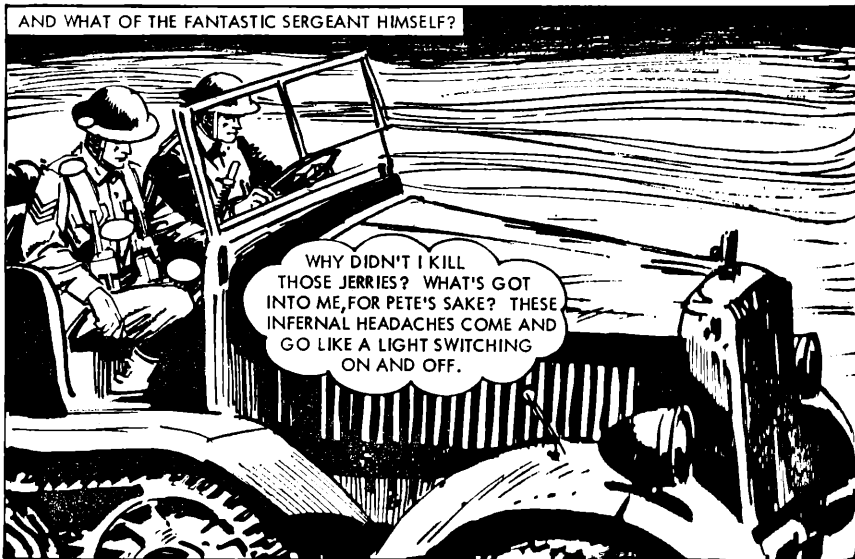


ONLY THE GUNNER WOUNDED BY A PIECE OF FLYING SHRAPNEL, THE ARMoured CAR RACED TO SAFETY.

AT THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE JACK RITCHIE TOOK STOCK OF THE SITUATION NOW THAT THE BATTLE WAS OVER.



AND WHAT OF THE FANTASTIC SERGEANT HIMSELF?



JACK HAD LOST TWO OF HIS MEN AT THE BRIDGE. NOW THE REMAINDER PRESSED ON, AND THE FOLLOWING DAY —



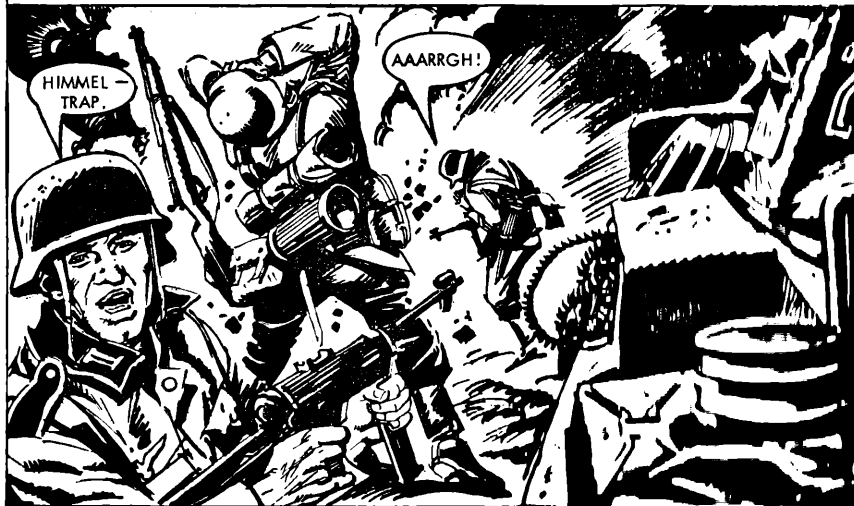
AND THINK IT OUT HE DID.



JACK ORGANISED HIS MEN ON THE CREST OF THE HILL. THEY WERE ONLY A SMALL FORCE BUT WERE WELL ENOUGH EQUIPPED WITH A COUPLE OF BRENS AND A SMALL MORTAR.



THE CONFIDENT NAZIS WERE STARTLED BY THE SURPRISE ATTACK. MACHINE GUN BULLETS TORE THROUGH THEIR RANKS AND MORTAR BOMBS EXPLODED ALL AROUND.



MEANWHILE, THE BRITISH IN THE TRENCHES, UNDER THE COMMAND OF A LIEUTENANT BLAZE, TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION.



LIEUTENANT —  
MAKE FOR THAT WOODED  
RIDGE. WE'LL JOIN YOU  
IN A MINUTE.



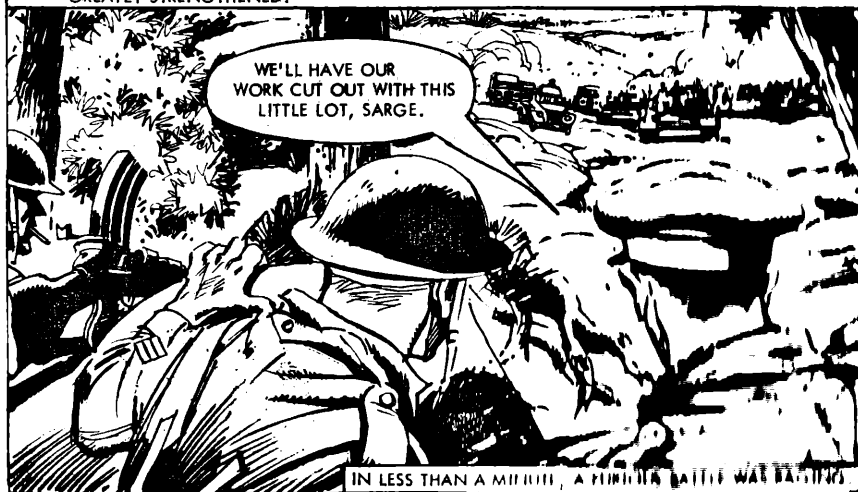
THE GERMANS STILL HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF NUMBERS, BUT THE BRITISH WERE NOW CONCEALED IN A GOOD DEFENSIVE POSITION.



BY DUSK, JACK'S RE-UNITED COMPANY WAS READY FOR ANOTHER GERMAN ATTACK.



HOWEVER, THE NIGHT PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT. BUT AT THE FIRST GREY LIGHT OF DAWN THE GERMANS STRUCK. THEY REALLY MEANT BUSINESS, FOR THEIR FORCE WAS GREATLY STRENGTHENED.



IN LESS THAN A MINUTE, A FIERCE BATTLE WAS ON.



JACK KNEW THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE NO QUICK SKIRMISH BUT A DRAWN-OUT SIEGE WITH WATER AND AMMO BEING THE BIG WORRY.



JACK IGNORED TOM'S LACK OF RESPECT, KNOWING HIM NOW AS A SUPERB FIGHTER.

NEVER MIND THAT, KINCAID. I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF AMMUNITION AND WATER SUPPLIES. KEEP ME INFORMED IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS.

SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT LIEUTENANT BLAZE COULD BE DOING SOMETHING ABOUT IT, MAJOR.

TOM HAD. HE POINTED OUT A STREAM HE HAD NOTICED BEFORE THE ATTACK TO MAJOR RITCHIE.

THERE'S A STREAM. ALL RIGHT, KINCAID, BUT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS ARE CAMPED THERE RIGHT NOW. JUST OUT OF GUN-FIRE RANGE.

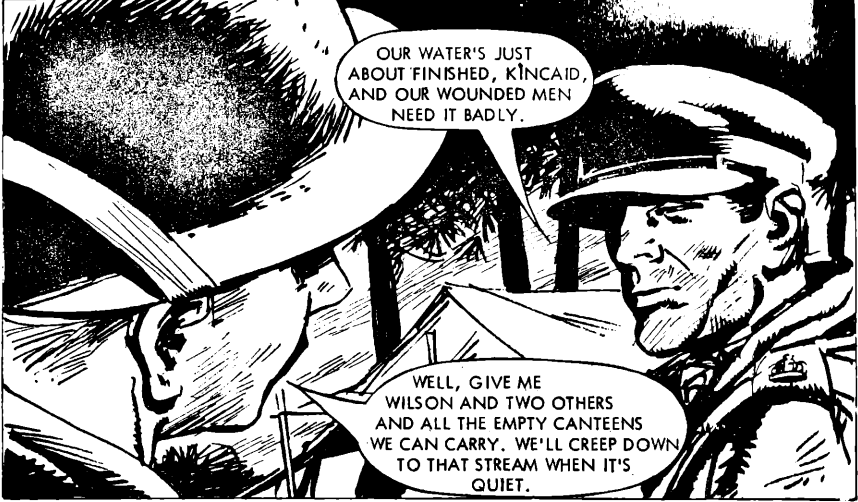
THAT MEANS IF THEY CAN'T THROW IN WITH US HERE, WE'LL BE FIGHTING IT A WEEK WITHOUT EAT & DRINK WATER.



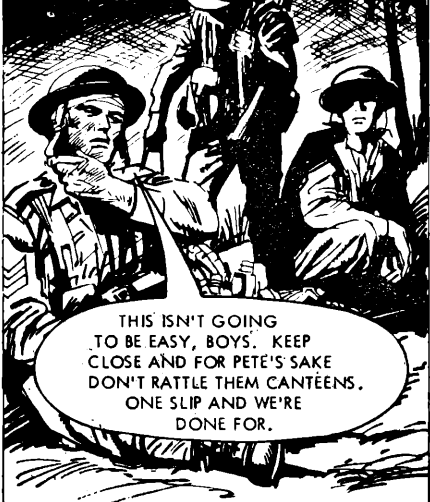
IT WAS AN IRATE LIEUTENANT BLAZE WHO CONFRONTED TOM. HE HAD NEVER SEEN EYE TO EYE WITH THE HARDY SERGEANT.



BLAZE TRIED TO BLUSTER BUT FAILED. FINALLY HE MOVED ASIDE.  
FOR TWO MORE DAYS THE BATTLE CONTINUED RELENTLESSLY.



AFTER A WHILE, JACK AGREED TO TOM'S SUGGESTION.



THE FOUR SET OFF TOWARDS THE STREAM, LADEN WITH WATER CANTEENS. THEY MOVED STEALTHILY, EYES PEELED ALL THE TIME.





THE ALERT GERMAN MOVED FORWARD.



SHOUTS AROSE FROM THE NAZI ENCAMPMENT AS  
OTHER GUARDS RUSHED TO THE SCENE.

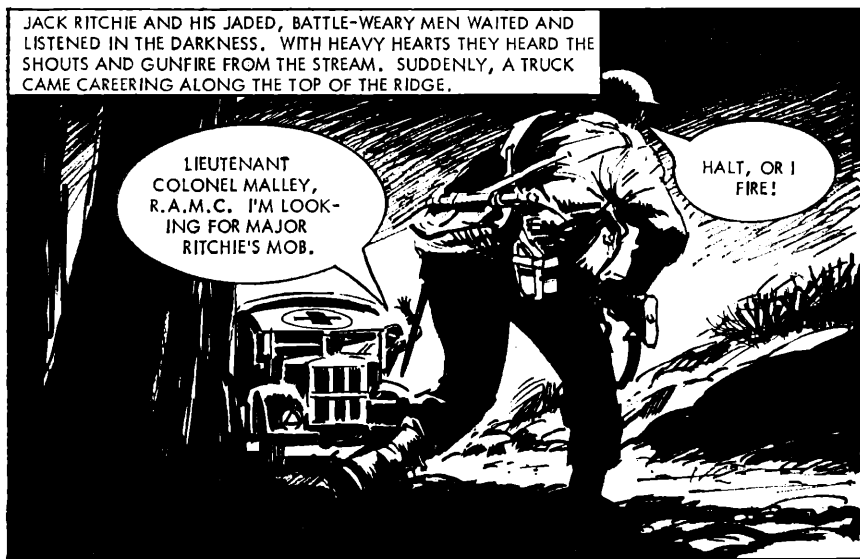


TOM TURNED AND RAN, KEEPING LOW DOWN AND HUGGING THE SHADOWS. THEN HE STUMBLED ON A ROCK.



GOOD GRIEF —  
WILSON, BATESON  
AND REID. ALL THREE  
CUT DOWN.

JACK RITCHIE AND HIS JADED, BATTLE-WEARY MEN WAITED AND LISTENED IN THE DARKNESS. WITH HEAVY HEARTS THEY HEARD THE SHOUTS AND GUNFIRE FROM THE STREAM. SUDDENLY, A TRUCK CAME CAREERING ALONG THE TOP OF THE RIDGE.



LIEUTENANT  
COLONEL MALLEY,  
R.A.M.C. I'M LOOK-  
ING FOR MAJOR  
RITCHIE'S MOB.

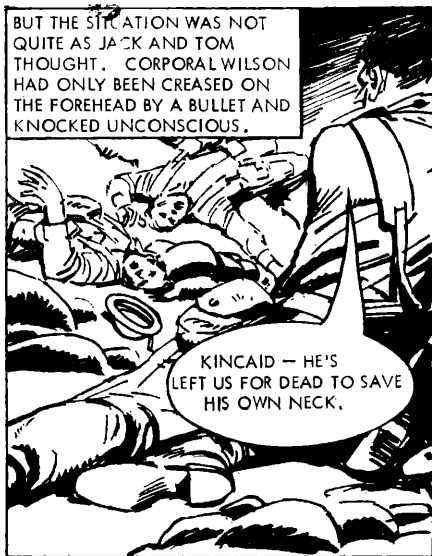
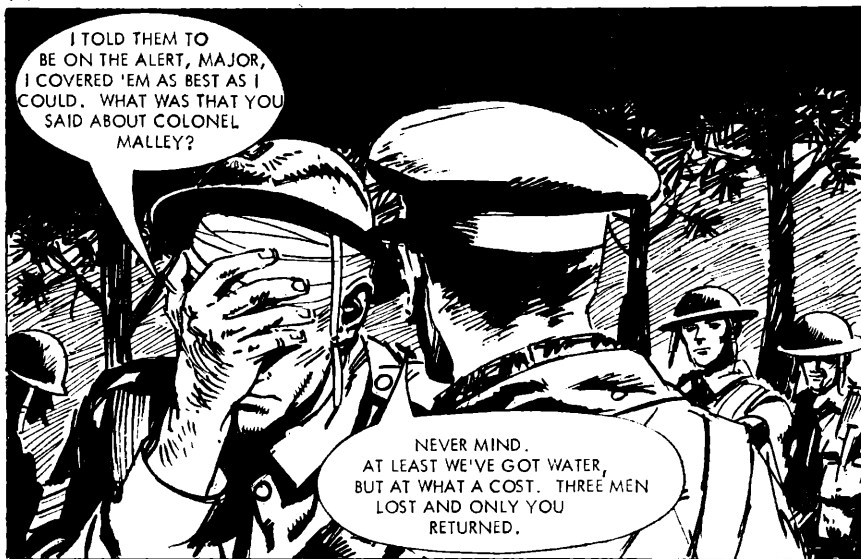
HALT, OR I  
FIRE!

THE MAJOR GRINNED IN WELCOME TO HIS OLD FRIEND.



MALLEY LOST NO TIME IN PITCHING INTO HIS WORK. LATER, RED-RIMMED, BITTER EYES FIXED THEMSELVES ON TOM KINCAID AS HE FINALLY LURCHED INTO CAMP, BATTLE WORN AND WEARY.





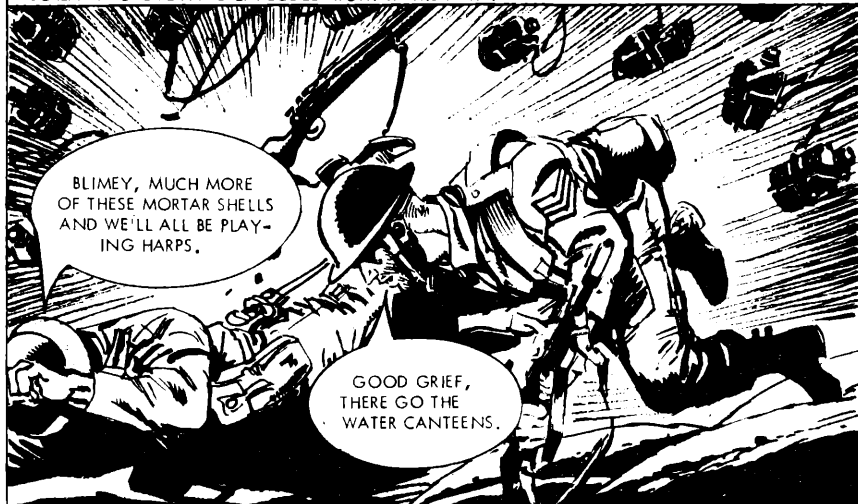
ANOTHER DAWN CAME, AND WITH IT ANOTHER ALL-OUT ATTACK BY THE GERMANS.



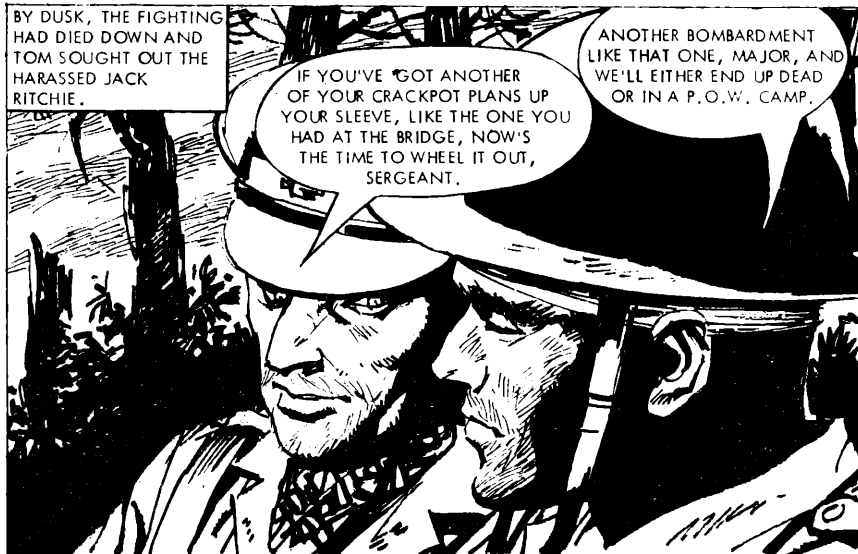
IN THE WOODS, THE BRITISH WERE FIGHTING BACK COURAGEOUSLY. BIG TOM NOTICED A NUMBER OF WATER CANTEENS LYING IN A HEAP.

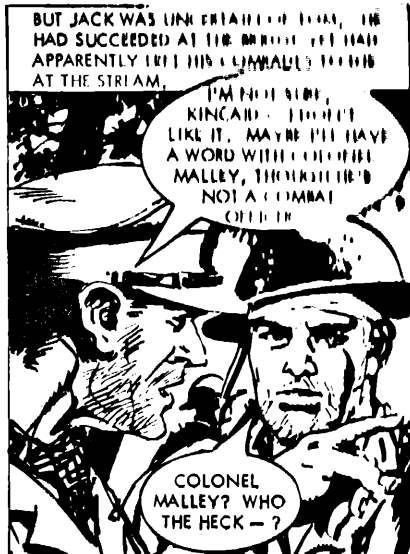


ANOTHER FEW YARDS AND THE SERGEANT WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD. A MORTAR SHELL CAME SCREAMING OVER AND EXPLODED RIGHT IN HIS PATH.



BY DUSK, THE FIGHTING HAD DIED DOWN AND TOM SOUGHT OUT THE HARASSED JACK RITCHIE.





NO SOONER HAD JACK MOVED AWAY, THAN TOM HAD VANISHED SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY INTO THE DARKNESS. HE BEGAN EDGING HIS WAY TOWARDS THE NAZIS' MAIN CAMP.

HIMMEL —  
MY HEAD. ICH  
BIN KRANK.  
I'M ILL.....

ANOTHER SPLITTING HEADACHE, AND AGAIN HE SPOKE IN GERMAN.

IT WAS WEIRD THE CHANGE THAT HAD COME OVER TOM. WHEN HIS HEAD CLEARED HE STRODE BOLDLY UP TO THE ENEMY CAMP. HE WAS A GERMAN THROUGH AND THROUGH EXCEPT FOR HIS UNIFORM.

AN  
ENGLANDER!

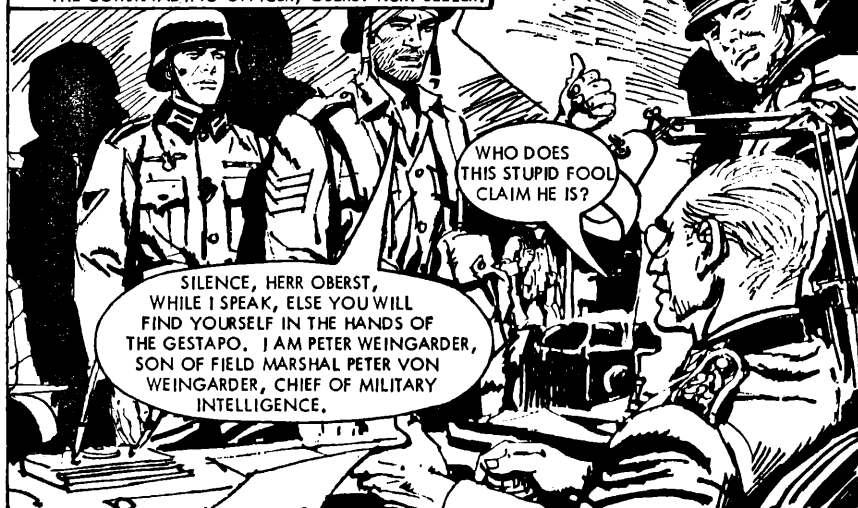
DROP  
YOUR GUN OR  
I SHOOT!

JAWOHL.

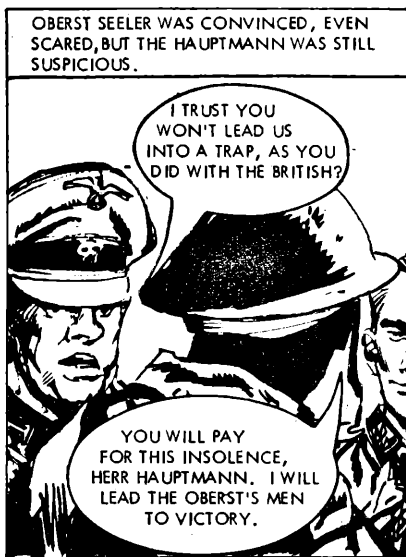
THEN TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE SWARMING NAZIS, THIS TATTERED AND HAGGARD-LOOKING ENGLISHMAN DREW HIMSELF UP STIFFLY TO ATTENTION AND DEMANDED IN PERFECT GERMAN TO SEE THE COMMANDING OFFICER.



AND SO, THE ENGLISHMAN, OR GERMAN OR WHATEVER HE REALLY WAS, WAS TAKEN TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER, OBERST KURT SEELER.



FOR A FEW SECONDS THERE WAS A DEATHLY SILENCE. THE OBERST FROWNED UNCERTAINLY, HIS ATTITUDE NO LONGER ARROGANT AND BULLYING.



IT WAS THEN THAT KINCAID, PLAYED HIS TRUMP CARD. HE WITHDREW AN IRON CROSS FROM HIS POCKET, AND HANDED IT TO THE HAUPTMANN.

MEIN GOTT! "AWARDED TO LEUTNANT PETER WEINGARDER FOR OUTSTANDING VALOUR AND SERVICE TO THE FUHRER AND THE FATHERLAND".

LEUTNANT, WE ARE DEEPLY SORRY FOR DIS-BELIEVING YOU. BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT WE HAVE TO BE CAUTIOUS. TELL US YOUR PLAN.

THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL OF FIGHTING MEN LEFT. ALONG THE TOP OF THE RIDGE HERE, WE COULD THROW A SMALL, DIVERSIONARY FORCE OF SHOCK TROOPS, WITH THE MAIN FORCE ATTACKING UP THE SLOPE.

JA. IT IS A GOOD PLAN, HERR OBERST.

BUT YOU SAY, HERR LEUTNANT WEINGARDER, THAT WE MUST GO!

PETER WEINGARDER THREW THE PENCIL ON THE TABLE AND STOOD UP TO HIS FULL SIX FOOT.

TOMORROW AFTERNOON WE PULL OUT AS THOUGH WE HAVE GIVEN UP THE FIGHT. THE STUPID ENGLANDERS WILL BE LULLED INTO A SENSE OF FALSE SECURITY, THEN WE RETURN AT DUSK AND ATTACK, JA?

JA, THAT IS GOOD. I WILL SEE THAT WE ARE READY TO MOVE OUT THEN TOMORROW AFTERNOON. MEANWHILE, WE WILL CEASE FIRE.

ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK THE NEXT AFTERNOON, JACK RITCHIE AND HIS MEN COULD HARDLY BELIEVE THEIR EYES.

BY GLORY, BOYS, THE HUNS ARE PULLING OUT!

SO THE PERISHERS HAVE HAD ENOUGH. I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY.

BUT, THE MORE JACK THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE SUSPICIOUS HE BECAME.

APART FROM THE GENERAL RELIEF, IT ALSO MEANT THAT THE BRITISH COULD GET WATER.

SHALL I GIVE THE ORDER TO BREAK CAMP AND MOVE DOWN TO THE STREAM, SIR?

NO. DETAIL FOUR MEN ONLY TO GET WATER AND SEE THEY ARE COVERED ALL THE WAY. I'M TAKING NO CHANCES.

THE MEN RETURNED SAFELY WITH THE MUCH-NEEDED WATER. BUT JACK HAD BEEN RIGHT TO ACT CAUTIOUSLY, BECAUSE AT DUSK —

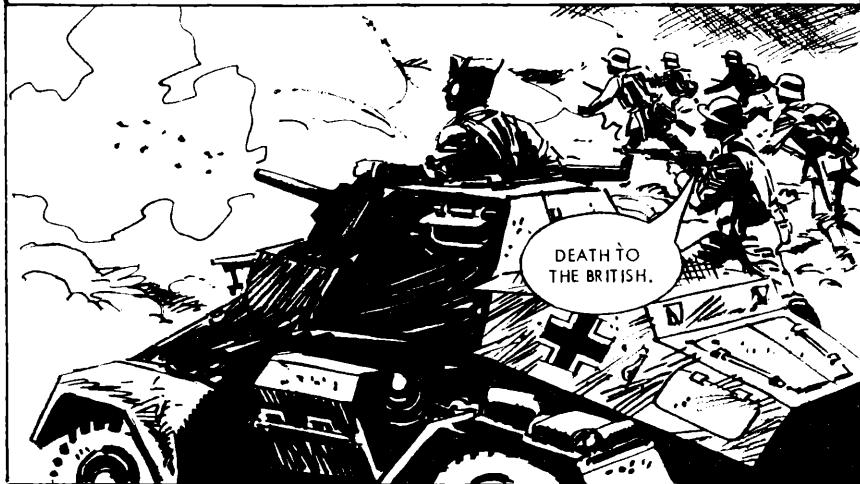
MAJOR — THE JERRIES — THEY'RE COMING BACK IN FULL STRENGTH AND COMING FAST!

THE GERMANS HAD SPLIT INTO TWO GROUPS. ONE WAS STORMING ALONG THE TOP OF THE RIDGE, AND THE OTHER UP THE SLOPE. THE BRITISH WERE TRAPPED GOOD AND PROPER — THANKS TO TURNCOAT KINCAID.

I WANT EVERY MAN WHO CAN FIRE A GUN.

FEUER! KILL THE DOGS BEFORE THEY CAN RETALIATE.

SHELLS SCREAMED, MACHINE GUNS RATTLED AND DYING MEN MOANED IN AGONY AS THE GERMANS ADVANCED REMORSELESSLY FORWARD, THE TOUGH TOM KINCAID FIGHTING LIKE A TIGER ALONGSIDE THEM.



FROM THE WOODED HEIGHTS, JACK'S FACE PALED AND TIGHTENED AS HE LOOKED THROUGH HIS NIGHT GLASSES.



BUT ANOTHER OFFICER WAS WATCHING TOM. THE GERMAN HAUPTMANN WAS STILL SUSPICIOUS OF HIM — SUSPICIOUS ENOUGH TO TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS IN THE WHITE HEAT OF BATTLE.



BY SOME STRANGE TWIST OF FORTUNE, THE SLUG ONLY RICOCHETTED OFF KINCAID'S STEEL HELMET. BUT ITS IMPACT HAD A WEIRD EFFECT.



THE BULLET SEEMED TO HAVE TRIGGERED OFF, INSIDE HIS VERY BRAIN, THE FULL AND GHASTLY IMPACT OF HIS TREACHERY.



THEY CARRIED TOM TO THE RED CROSS TRUCK AND RACED HIM TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL. FOR MANY A LONG HOUR IT WAS TOUCH AND GO WITH HIM, BUT HE PULLED THROUGH.



WHEN WE BROUGHT YOU IN AFTER YOU WERE BLOWN UP WE BROUGHT IN A NAZI LEUTNANT ALSO. HE DIED AND TO SAVE YOU WE HAD TO TAKE TISSUE FROM HIS BRAIN AND GRAFT IT TO YOURS. THAT'S WHY YOU SOMETIMES ACTED LIKE A GERMAN AND SPOKE THEIR LANGUAGE. THAT IRON CROSS WAS THE DEAD LEUTNANT'S AND MUST HAVE BEEN PUT IN YOUR POCKET BY MISTAKE.



LITTLE MORE THAN A MONTH LATER, AFTER A RIGOROUS COURSE OF EXPERIMENTS AND TESTS, TOM WAS AS FIT AS HE EVER WAS. HIS SPLIT PERSONALITY WAS GONE AND THE MEMORIES OF IT WASHED FROM HIS MIND. ONCE MORE HE WAS A REAL BRITISH SOLDIER.



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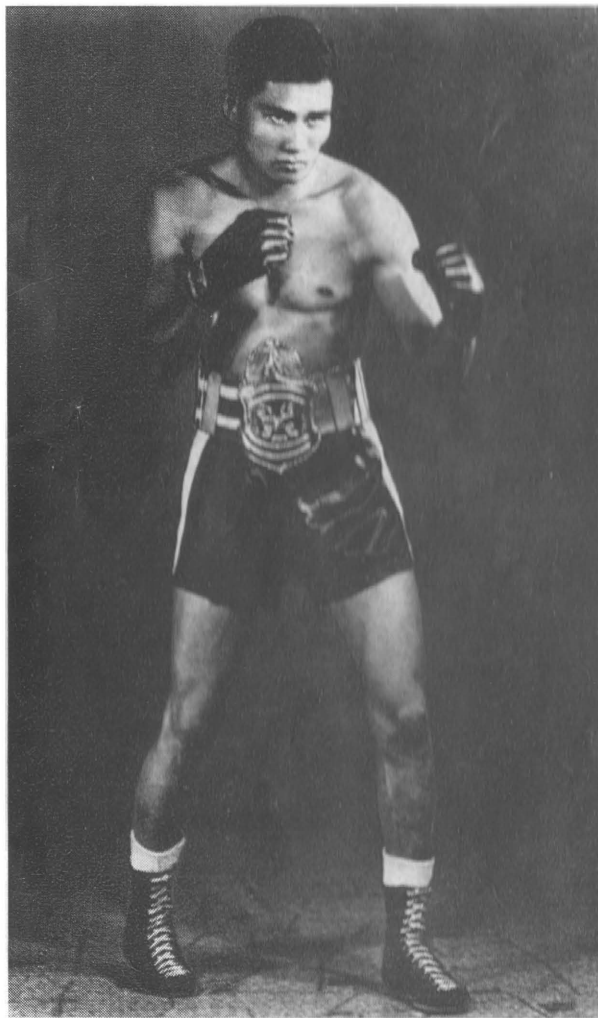
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# KINGS OF THE RING



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This unlikely lad was born in Hui Hui Province, North Thailand, in February 1936. How he first became interested in boxing we don't know, but he shot up the ratings until he reached the summit by beating Pascual Perez for the world title in 1960 at Bangkok.

After two successful defences, he lost it to Fighting Harada in October '62, but he won the title three months later. He then lost again to Japan's Hiroyuki Ebihara in '63, but regained it the following year. His exceptional height (5 ft 6 ins) and quick fire savage punching make him a hard target for the little lads in the flyweight division.

At the moment Pone has no title, for he lost last year in Italy to Salvatore Burrini. But the plucky Thaiander, will certainly be back in there swinging before long.

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